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A REVIEW OF Dr. Brownson's Lecture on the "Popular Objections" to the Roman Catholic Church, delivered in Louisville, Ky., February 2d, 1858.

Ma. Error: We have come at last to the fourth and last division of our lecturer's subject, wherein the laboring mountain, after all her gigantic throes, brings forth only a "ridiculous mouse." He says, "In the sixth century, Western Europe had not a civilized nation. In the sixteenth, the same barbarous States had become civilized nations under the Catholic religion, and three times during that thousand years was she interrupted in her efforts to extend the gospel; yet, notwithstanding all these interruptions, she advanced, and the ratio of her progress during that thousand years was tenfold compared with the progress of any Protestant civilization movement during the last two centuries. The noble institutions which England boasts this day, are the result of the principles of her government which were drawn up at Rome by Pope Adrian, and sent by him to London; and we have borrowed our own glorious institution of freedom from it. For these highly prized liberties which we enjoy, we are indebted to the Catholics."

"The Catholic States, Spain and Portugal, have been alluded to, and pointed at as examples of the fatal influence it exerts against civilization. When these States were in their highest degree of glory, they were more Catholic than now. In the sixteenth century you could say of Portugal, what now is said of England, 'The sun never sets on her dominions.' And shortly after that the same could be said of Spain. During eight hundred years of war, Spain rose to that height of grandeur and power which entitled her to the first and foremost in the rank of nations, and it was a war in defence of the Catholic religion. She was its most zealous defender, when she was greatest in power. Mexico, Central America, and the South American States have been contrasted very unfavorably with this mighty Republic; but, as unfavorably as the contrast seems," he said, "he was willing that the question should turn on such contrast."

"Civilization has now become universal, and we are no higher in the scale of civilization now than our ancestors were. We are only civilized by transplanting people here. In Mexico not more than one-fifth of the people are Europeans, and in Central America still less; about the same in the South American States, the rest being Indians and negroes. We are Europeans, and from among us the barbarians have been exterminated, while in the others, they have been converted and civilized. History does not furnish an instance of the Protestants civilizing any nation on earth. (1) England has forced herself into India. But does India present any evidence of a civilizing influence having been exerted upon her? Let the present war existing there answer. And does England present to-day any higher degree of civilization than three hundred years ago? Let the 'howl of the British press' for vengeance on the innocent men and women and children of the Sepoys, as on the guilty men, answer, if she has advanced in civilization during these hundred years?" *Vox et gratia nihil!*

"The struggles in the Spanish American States for the establishment of governments modeled after ours, was but the putting on garments for which they were not fitted; and, as a consequence, confusion and bloody contentions and distractions ensued. They were not sufficiently prepared to pass from a dictatorial government to one like that of the United States. Let us not be too confident of our own security. We are not out of the woods. We have dangers now to contend with which severely threaten the existence of our country." He concluded his lecture with an exhortation to his Roman Catholic brethren to confidence and steadfastness, "as they had nothing to fear."

In our preceding articles, we have referred to or presented a historical picture of the several countries mentioned by the lecturer, as affording memorable examples of the corrupting influence of his Church upon them. If his Church, Sir, was *thrice* interrupted in a thousand years in extending the gospel, and that, notwithstanding, she advanced, why is she not now engaged in extending the gospel, when there is no interruption? And why does not his Church advance now, in the same ratio as in the first thousand years? The field is entirely open to her, and she has been invited to extend the gospel; the Bible has been offered her, and she has refused, and still refuses, to accept the generous offer of her Protestant neighbors and brethren, in the great work, privilege and duty of circulating even her own version of the word of God. But she would rather burn than to circulate it. She is the only interpreter, and the *perspective* interpreter, of the lively oracles of Almighty God to be found in Christendom. No, no! This old mother cannot endure interruptions, and *thrice* in a thousand years is entirely too much for her feeble strength; so she folds her attenuated and wrinkled arms, hirsute with dirt and driving age—opposes the circulation of the sacred volume—places it in her expurgatory index, and burns it, when she can no longer turn its reader. Our history of the Inquisition tells us, that "The Cardinal Quiroga, and the Council of the Inquisition, treated the Sovereign Pontiff, Sixtus Quintus, with little respect. This Pope published a translation of the Bible in Italian, and prefaced it by a bull, in which he recommended every one to read it, saying that the faithful would derive the greatest advantage from it. This conduct of the Pope was contrary to all the regulations from the time of Leo X. All doctrinal books had been forbidden to be in the vulgar tongue for fifty years, by the expurgatory index of the Council, and by the inquisitions of Rome and Madrid. The cardinals Quiroga, at Madrid, and Toledo, at Rome, and others, represented to Philip II. that great

evils would arise from it, if he did not employ his influence to induce the Pope to relinquish his design. Philip commissioned the Count d' Olivarez to expostulate with the Pontiff. The Count obeyed, but at the peril of his life; for Sixtus Quintus was on the point of depriving him of it, without respect for the rights of nations, or for the privileges of Olivarez as an ambassador. This formidable Pope died in 1592, and Philip was suspected for having shortened his days by slow poison. After this event, the Inquisition of Spain, having received witnesses to prove that the infallible oracle of the law was a favorer of heretics, condemned the Sixtine Bible, as they had already condemned those of Cassiodorus de Rine, and many others." So hushed for her destruction of the only reliable evidence she ventures to adduce, to prove that *Peter was the first Pope!*

We pass on now, and find the lecturer making a parade of the noble institutions, of which England boasts, and which we have borrowed from her, and he voluntarily claims them as the result of the principles of Rome's government, when those principles, if to be found there at all, are now perfectly inactive, if not to say entirely defunct. Nor would we be long blest with them, did we not keep a jealous and ever watchful eye over results which were not dreamed of, when, as he states, the principles of Rome's government were first drawn up and sent to London. There is no doubt but that she has been upon the *stool of repentance* ever since. It is truly a great pity that Roman Catholics, everywhere throughout the wide domain of man, can not taste those "highly prized liberties which we enjoy"—to quote his own words—and for which we are so indebted to the hierarchy of Rome.

Then, in reference to the Roman Catholic States of Spain, Portugal, Italy, the south of Ireland, and the Romish cantons of Switzerland; they, indeed, have been, and are likely to be for many a long weary year, pointed out as a sad commentary upon the "fatal influence"—to quote the lecturer—"of the Church"—"exerts against civilization." Why cannot Portugal and Spain now say, what England says, "The sun never sets on my possessions"? Simply for the manifest reason of their having been always *priest-ridden*. Superstition and priestcraft, so congenial to *witchcraft*, have prostrated and crushed the mind and energies of those countries, until they have not yet, perhaps never will have, the recuperative powers in themselves to attain anything like their former glory. We have only to look at the effects, as displayed on them, to know "what witchcraft gave the blow." England, on the contrary, a Protestant country, is possibly not yet in the zenith of her glory; and if she, the Protestant mother of this great Protestant nation, has not reached her culminating point, what can be said of the *child*, who, like the mother, has

"Longings sublime and aspirations high?" Look at the two pictures of contrast, Sir, and do you not see in them the hand of Almighty God? But the country, which, for eight hundred years of war—and that, as he says, in defence of the Roman Catholic religion—grew in power and grandeur, until she became "the first and foremost in the rank of nations"—Spain—the "most zealous defender when she was the greatest in power," is now, in the nineteenth century, utterly shorn of her pristine power, and degraded beyond any other country, excepting beautiful Italy. Verily has she lost everything in a perfectly useless and untenable defence of a Church, which, like some huge Python, has wound his venomous folds around her, until she has almost expired in the sinewy embrace. And such will be the fate of every nation that will allow this insinuating Python to cast one single coil about them. Then,

"In that sleep of death, what dreams may come," When they cannot "shuffle off that mortal coil!"

A fit illustration of the destructive power of his Church may be seen in the Vatican gallery. Here are two children that stood next to the altar as the sacrifice was about to be offered up, when a serpent, which had crawled from the "vasty deep," pounces upon the unsuspecting children, and the father, who comes to the rescue, is in like manner quickly involved in the coiled folds, and they all three perish simultaneously. The truth, *God's truth*, will alone save the nations of the earth from the *revolving links of the Dragon!*

The lecturer confesses his willingness that Mexico, Central America, and the South American States should meet the objection urged against them, in contrast with our country. So are we, and every other lover of his country! The object condition of those States is too well known to the people of this country to deter us longer in their exposition. It is a contrast—we thank him for the right word—one which would neither pale our cheeks, nor crimson them with the blush of shame. As to the universality of civilization, if "we are no higher in the scale than our ancestors were," it is from the great influx of population which his Church has contributed, that has kept us stationary (comparatively speaking), notwithstanding our endeavors to move onward with the onerous burthen which she manages to place on our shoulders. But let the masses thus crowding upon us become *true and thoroughly Americanized*, then we will abide the decision of the world upon that point. The world, however, does not stand still. And we think that the decision, with all the disadvantages that beset us, might be rendered now. For, that we are able to get along at all, in improving the moral, intellectual and social position of those who have sought and found homes—what a volume in a word!—homes among us, argues strongly in favor of our having risen in the scale of human excellence.

Louisville, 1858.

A. T. C.

(To be concluded next week.)

PRAYER.—As my great business is for God—to serve him; so my daily business is with God—to ask him for strength to do it.

African Edibles.

In Barth's very instructive, if not entertaining, "Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa," we meet with frequent notices of the articles of food, chiefly from the vegetable kingdom, used by the inhabitants of those extensive regions. The subject is interesting, both in a hygienic and economic point of view; and as such we now bring it before our readers, without any regard to methodical arrangement, but rather as we find it in the volumes before us. Barth's starting-point was Tripoli. He made an excursion, however, previously, in an eastern direction, through the Hegemony.

Soon after the setting out, the travelers emerged from the palm-groves which constitute the charm of Tripoli. Then they came to the fine date-plantations of Zenzen, celebrated in the fourteenth century as one of the fairest districts of Barbary, and they pass by a great magazine of grain. Fine olive trees pleasantly alternate with the palm grove, while the borders of the broad sandy paths were neatly fenced with the *cactus spinosus*, or prickly pear. As preparation for their nomadic life in crossing the desert, they laid in a supply of corn and dates. The fruit called gattuf of the batim tree (*Pistacia Atlantica*), or Barbary Mastich, is used by the Arabs for a variety of purposes. In other countries its fragrant and astringent resin is best known. The rearing of fruit trees seems to be a favorite occupation of the Berber race, even in the more favored spots of the Great Desert. The cultivation of the olive extends to the borders of the Desert. Saffron and olives are the two staple articles of industry in this region, the maritime one of Tripoli. The cultivation of grain is made productive by means of irrigation.

On the second departure of the travelers from Tripoli, their course was nearly due south, to Murzuk, on the border of the Desert. On the oases of Mizda, and some others still further south, barley and wheat in cultivation were found in the vicinity of olive and fig trees. The soil around Murzuk, a little to the south of 21 deg. N. latitude, is very arid; even in the plantations which surround it there are only a few favored spots, where, under the protection of a deeper shade of the date trees, a few fruit trees can be cultivated, such as pomegranates, figs and peaches. With great labor, wheat, barley, *gudheb* (or rather *kedheb*), are cultivated. Culinary vegetables, including onions, are extremely scarce; milk, except a little from the goats, is quite out of the question.

In the oases of Ghat and Barakat, Guinea corn, *gero* or millet (*Pennisetum typhoides*), is cultivated to a much greater extent than wheat or barley. Palm-groves are repeatedly passed, and irrigation witnessed in the fields and gardens. In the valley Nghakeli, richly overgrown with luxuriant herbage and adorned with fine tall trees, was exhibited the first specimen of the *Balanites* (*Egyptiaca*, (hajjil, of the Arabs), of which we shall soon speak. In this region, at the bottom of a valley skirting mountain masses, was seen the grass *Avena Forskalia*, which is very much liked by the camels. Here, also, the travelers partook of the flesh of the Wadan (*Ovis triglyphus*), an animal very common in the mountainous districts of the Desert, and found often in company with the wild ox.

Though not ranking with edibles, we may mention, by the way, that at latitude 20 deg. N., the senna plant (*Cassia Senna*), appeared in tolerable quantity. More german to our actual theme is the appearance, in this district, the valley of Gebi, of the abisga, (*Capparis Sodala*), a variety of the caper, called *sirak*, or *lirak*, by the Arabs. "This," writes Barth, "is an important bush, the fruit of which is not only eaten fresh, but also dried, and laid up in store; while the root affords that excellent remedy for the teeth which the Mohammedans, in imitation of their prophet, use to a great extent. The root, however, at least on the shores of the Tead, by the process of burning, affords a substitute for salt. It is the most characteristic bush or tree of the whole region or transition between the desert and the fertile regions of Central Africa, between the twentieth and fifteenth degrees of northern latitude." In the course of his travels, Barth saw it no where of such size as on the northern bank of the Isa or Niger, between Timbuctoo and Ghago; the whole ground which this splendid and rich capital of the Singhay Empire occupied being at present covered and marked out by this celebrated bush. The berries, although only ripening, (August 22d), afforded a slight but refreshing addition to the food of the travelers.

Skirting the mountain group of Tintellust, elevated 5000 feet above the ocean, Barth and his companions passed through the valley of Sulfuet, in lat. 19 deg. N., rich in trees and bushes, but without herbage. Here he met with his old acquaintance from the Said and Nubia, the dum-tree or dum-palm, (*Cucifera Nigritica*). This tree has a wide geographical range through Central Africa; but its chief region is that of Bornu proper. Its fruit is an essential condiment to the soup made of negro millet or Guinea corn. At Tintellust, in the mountains country of Air or Asben, which Barth calls the Switzerland of the Desert, he and his friends received a small supply of millet, butter, and a little fresh cheese, and they purchased two or three goats and a camel load of durra, (*holcus sorghum*) of the dietetic value of which last grain we shall speak hereafter.

Leaving his companions at Tintellust, Barth made a journey to Agades, in a southwesterly direction. On the way in the village Egelhel, at the foot of a mountain of the same name, his eyes were greeted with the sight of well-fed cattle returning from their pasture grounds. "They were fine sturdy bullocks, of moderate size, all with the hump, and of a glossy dark-brown color." It conflicts much with our ideas of the great desert of Sahara, to be told, as we are by our traveler, that in the valleys of Aideras, in Air, he saw not only millet, but even wheat, the vine, and dates, and almost every species of vegetable. A little farther south, in the valley Bado, where the mimosa attained a large growth, Barth first became acquainted with the *karengia*, or *Pennisetum distichum*, on the seed of which many of the Tawarek from Bornu, as far as Timbuctoo, subsist more or less. The drink made from it is certainly not bad, resembling in coolness the fura or ghussh-water. The grass itself is a most nourishing food for cattle. The little bull-like seeds are, however, a great annoyance to the traveler in Central Africa, by attaching themselves to every part of the dress. Hence the necessity, not neglected even by the natives, to be always provided with small pinners, in order to draw out from the fingers the little stings which, if left in the skin, will cause sores.

As the market of a place affords a pretty good indication of the dietetic usages of the people, we may begin references of this nature by speaking of that of Agades. Negro millet is the real standard of the market, and in it the merchants of the town chiefly trade. The display of vegetables was poor; only cucumbers and *molukhia* (*corchorus olitorius*) being procurable in considerable plenty. The butcher's market was well furnished. Barth was gratified by a present from

a blacksmith friend of the place, with a large batta or leather-box holding butter and vegetables, (chiefly melons and cucumbers), and the promise of another sheep. In the more favored valleys of Air or Asben there are considerable herds of cattle. A long desert plateau intervenes between Asben and the Tigama country, a region, the border one of the desert, and rich in cattle. Their slaves are busy in collecting and pounding the seeds of the *karengia* or *azaki*, the *Pennisetum distichum*, which constitutes a great part of their food. The desert region just mentioned is the home of the giraffe, wild ox, ostrich, etc. In this part of the journey the travelers made the acquaintance of another tree, a native of Middle Sudan, named *magaria* by the Arabs, and *kusmba* by the Nanniti. It produces a fruit of a light brown color, nearly equal in size to a small cherry, but in other respects more nearly resembling the fruit of the *cornus* (*Cornus*). When dried it is pounded and formed into little cakes, which are sold all over Innasa as *tawon-nakaria*. It may be safely eaten by a European to allay his hunger for a while, till he can obtain something more substantial. The next district to the south, traversed by the line of the fifteenth degree of north latitude, is Damerghin, an undulating rich country, the granary of and tributary to Asben. The production of grain consists in millet of the white species; durra or sorghum is not seen. Here the travelers met once again with the first poor specimens of the magnificent tamarind tree, the great ornament of Negro land.

The desert being passed, and the travelers fairly in Bornu, and of course in Central Africa, the dietary of the people, resulting from a richer soil, extensive pastoral regions, and rivers, became more abundant and varied. The change was more marked at Tasawa, where Dr. Barth made some stay. Before reaching this place, and near a village called Baibay, the caravan was surrounded by a great many women, who offered for sale "godjia," or ground nuts, and "dukwa," or a sort of dry paste made of pounded Guinea corn, (*Pennisetum*), with dates and an enormous quantity of pepper. This is the meaning of dukwa in these districts; it is, however, elsewhere used as a general term, signifying every palatable sort of sweetmeat made of pounded rice, butter, and honey. Leaving our readers to the indulgence of the sweet-memory of such a compound, we shall not ask their attention further at this time, but shall avail ourselves of a future opportunity to make them acquainted with the edibles and condiments of Negro land proper.—*N. American Med. Clin. Review.*

From the Nashville Christian Advocate.

Rev. Thos. Stringfield, the oldest member of the Holston Conference, died at his residence, in Jefferson county, Tenn., June 12, 1858. His father and mother, John and Sarah Stringfield, removed from North Carolina to East Tennessee many years ago; where they stayed a short time and then removed to Kentucky, where their son Thomas was born, in the year 1796. Being religiously educated, he embraced religion when he was about eight years old. His parents removed to Alabama when he was twelve years old. At the age of nineteen he joined the army under Gen. Jackson, and, although he was brought into contact with the corruptions of the army, he maintained his religious integrity, and was always spoken of by the "Old Hero" in the highest terms.

In the fall of 1816 he joined the Tennessee Conference, and was appointed to the Elk River Circuit, and began his career as an itinerant Methodist preacher. In 1817, he was sent to Tennessee Valley; 1818, Chawhwa; 1819, Limestone; 1820, Flint; 1821, Nashville Station; 1822, Huntsville; 1823-4, Knoxville District, Holston Conference; 1825-6, French Broad District.

On the 10th of October, 1826, he was united in marriage to Miss Sarah Williams, of Strawberry Plains; 1827, he acted as Conference Agent; 1828, he was left without an appointment at his own request, and, from 1829 to 1832, Agent for Holston Conference; 1833, Knox Circuit; 1834, Washington District; 1835, Abingdon Station; 1836, editor of the Southwestern Christian Advocate, in Nashville, where he remained until 1840, and, in the fall of 1841, appointed to Lafayette District, Holston Conference, where he remained two years. During his stay on this district, the destroyer entered his family circle, on the 5th of April, 1842, and tore from his embrace the companion of his bosom, and left him a large family of little children to provide for; 1843, he was removed to the Knoxville District, in the bounds of which his family lived; and, on the 11th of November, this year, he was again married, to Mrs. Mary H. Cockrille, of Alabama, who still lives, and who has proved to be the kindest of mothers to his children. From 1844 to 1849, he acted as Agent for the American Bible Society; 1849, appointed to Greenville District; 1851, Knox Circuit; 1852, Agent for Strawberry Plains College; 1853, superannuated; 1854, Dandridge Circuit; 1855, London Station; 1856, superannuated, which relation he held until his death.

In addition to the above appointments, it is proper that I should notice some things connected with the history of this indefatigable minister of Christ.

While in Huntsville, he began the publication of a religious periodical, which he kept up at different points for years, and which proved to be a valuable auxiliary in the defence of Methodism.

When the Holston Conference was formed out of portions of the Tennessee and Baltimore Conferences, in the year 1824, Bro. Stringfield took his position in this new Conference. At that time the Gallaher controversy was in full blast; and such were the reckless statements made by Mr. Gallaher and his coadjutors in this crusade against Methodism, that Bro. Stringfield, who was then on the Knoxville District, felt himself called upon to use his pen and voice in defence of the doctrines and usages of his Church. For this work, his studious habits, self-possession, and powers of logic well qualified him. His antagonists, finding themselves overmatched in argument, and their caricatures of Methodism exposed, attempted to cover their retreat by heaping slanders upon the defender of his own Church. Here they failed again; for he came out of the furnace of persecutions as gold tried in the fire. And while most of his opponents had to leave the Church, or change their policy towards the M. E. Church, he has maintained his ground and lived to see that form of Christianity which he advocated for so many years spread over the country and almost obliterate Calvinism. In carrying on this controversy, he expended thousands of dollars, and yet, through a bountiful Providence, he has left all his family in comfortable circumstances.

Bro. Stringfield was frequently in the councils of the Church, where he always acted his part nobly. The first General Conference he attended was in Baltimore in 1824, and the last, 1844. He was at the Louisville Convention, when the Church, South, was organized.

As a citizen, he was a true philanthropist. As a neighbor, he was very kind and obliging. As a friend, he was not appreciated only by those who knew him well. This was owing to his love of reading. As a husband, he was kind, and courteous, and affectionate. As a father, when not too deeply engaged in study or business, he was very communicative; but his communications were nearly always scientific or religious; he, however, for the most part, was very reserved, and indisposed to enter into free conversations with any one, which, he was aware, rendered him unpopular with many persons who loved to talk and dislike to read. This element of his character, he believed, was indulged to an excess. His feelings upon this subject are fully expressed in the following extract from a letter he wrote to his youngest daughter while at Nashville, but a few weeks before his death:

"This inner source of happiness implies no antagonism with social enjoyment. Indeed, no one can be pleasant as a companion whose own heart is not at ease; and as we were formed for society, we should commune with it and try to become a blessing to all, and pleasant to all with whom we associate. My own fault has been a disposition to isolate myself from society. It has caused many a complaint—yes, and many a fancy of heart on the part of loved ones—yes, and in turn many a bitter tear on my part; but I can be nothing, but myself—I never could be anything else. I hope none of my own children will imitate my great infirmities."

This single extract is in keeping with his letters which he wrote to his family while at Nashville. He speaks of the friendly greetings of old and long-tried friends, who greeted him as their old Editor, the preacher of their fathers, and the early defender of Methodism in this country. "I feel," said he to his family, "amply compensated for all I have done or suffered, and I feel deeply humbled, for God has greatly blessed me."

The last sermon he preached at his own church, where he has long lived and worshipped with his neighbors, was from 2 Corinthians i. 12. He preached twice in Knoxville the Sabbath before he went to Nashville; in the morning, from "Quench not the Spirit;" and at night, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," etc. His last public exercises were in Nashville: a short address to the Infant Sabbath School in the McKendree Church, and a sermon in the Second Baptist Church, May 30. In order to appreciate Bro. S. as a preacher, you had to hear him on the great fundamental doctrines of the Bible. His last appointment was Loudon Station, where he did a valuable work for the Church, and will long be remembered by the people of that charge.

He was generous in the support of the Church and the poor almost to a fault; his generosity knew no bounds but his want of means.

He returned from Nashville on the 2d of June; on the 3d, went to Greenville on business, and on the 4th returned home very sick. Such was the acuteness of the pain in his side, and the severity of his cough, that he could not bear company or converse much. He said on one occasion, when reference was made to his bodily pain, "Spiritually, all is well; and when the family saw he was sinking, at the request of one of his daughters, his wife asked him if that gospel he had preached so long to others comforted him in the last hour. He made an effort to speak, but could not articulate. She then asked for a sign, which he gave promptly, for his mind retained its throne to the last.

"The spoiler set His seal of silence; but there beamed a smile So calm and holy on that marble brow Death gazed and left it there; he dared not steal The signet ring of heaven!"

The armor which was resigned by the father on the 12th of June, at 2 1/2 o'clock, was put on by his youngest son, on the 19th, at the same hour. May he honor it as his father did!

T. K. MURRAY.
Strawberry Plains, June 24, 1858.

FUTURE PUNISHMENT NEAR.—Perhaps the distance at which imagination sets the prospect of future punishment, may have a more general influence in diminishing the effect of God's merciful warnings, than any skeptical doubt about the intensity or duration of the sufferings of the wicked. The Spirit of God means to awaken us from this delusion, when he tells us, by the apostles and holy men of old, that "the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." He means by these declarations to remind every man that his particular doom is near; for, whatever may be the season appointed in the secret counsels of God for "that great and terrible day, when the heavens and the earth shall flee from the face of him who shall be seated upon the throne, and their place shall be no more found,"—whatever may be the destined time of this public catastrophe, the end of the world, with respect to every individual, takes place at the conclusion of his own life. In the grave there will be no repentance; no virtues can be acquired—no evil characters thrown off. With that character, whether of virtue or of vice, with which a man leaves the world, with that he must appear before the judgment seat of Christ. In that moment, therefore, in which his present life ends, every man's future condition becomes irreversibly determined.—*Horsley's Sermons.*

THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.—Suppose we saw an army sitting down before a granite fort, and they told us that they intended to batter it down, we might ask them, "How?" They point to a cannon ball. Well, but there is no power in that; it is heavy, but no more than half a hundred, or perhaps a hundred weight; if all the men in the army hurled it against the fort, they would make no impression. They say, "No; but look at the cannon." Well, but there is no power in that. A child may ride upon it, a bird may perch in its mouth—it is a machine, and nothing more. "But, look at the powder." Well, there is no power in that, a child may spill it, a sparrow may peck it. Yet this powerless powder and powerless ball are put in the powerless cannon; one spark of fire enters it, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, that powder is a flash of lightning, and that cannon ball is a thunderbolt, which smites as if it had been sent from heaven. So it is with our Church machinery of this day—we have all the instruments necessary for pulling down strongholds, and O! for the baptism of fire.—*Rev. W. Arthur.*

OUR FIRST WHITE MAN BORN IN KENTUCKY.—The friend, Dr. Owen B. Withers, of Simpson county, informs us that the first white man born in Kentucky is still living, and is residing in this State. His name is Captain Enuch Boone, a nephew of the great pioneer, Daniel Boone. His farm is on the Ohio River, at the mouth of Otter creek, a few miles below the mouth of Salt River. He was born shortly after Colonel Boone's second expedition to Kentucky, and is consequently greatly advanced in years, but is hale and hearty and very cheerful, and is fond of relating the thrilling scenes which he witnessed during the early days of the "dark and bloody ground." He is said to resemble in a striking degree his renowned uncle both in form and features.—*Russellville Herald.*

For the St. Louis Christian Advocate.
God a Mathematician.

Mr. Error: There is one thing pertaining to the science of Mathematics that should never be forgotten. It is, that God is the only perfect mathematician. He it is that fully comprehends all its sublime principles. The whole universe—of orbs playing in circles and ellipses—of systems poised in perfect harmony—shows the application of the science with infinite exactitude. Truly may this science adopt the language of wisdom, as quoted by Solomon:

"The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was. While as yet he had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor the highest part of the dust of the world. When he prepared the heavens, I was there; when he set a compass upon the face of the depth; when he appointed the foundations of the earth; then I was by him, as one brought up with him, and I was daily his delight."

It is said of Mango Park, the African traveler, if I rightly remember, that when oppressed with heat and worn down by fatigue, he sat him down in despair to die, far from home and kindred. At his feet he espied a tiny flower—a creature of God, preserved by his providence. It excited the traveler's hope: he believed Providence would preserve him. He arose, proceeded, and was saved. In like manner, many a traveler in the desert of time, oppressed with doubts and fears, has been ready to yield himself a victim to blind fatality, or *negodism*, when some object of Almighty skill has arrested his thoughts, and made him feel that he, too, was the creature of an intelligent Great First Cause, and the object of his care. The following may serve as an example. It is from the Democratic Review, by Mr. Arrington, of Texas:

"Some years ago I had the misfortune to meet with the fallacies of Hume on the subject of causation. His specious sophistries shook the faith of my reason as to the being of a God, but could not overcome the repugnance of my heart to a negation so monstrous; and consequently left that infinitely restless craving for some point of fixed repose, which atheism not only can not give, but absolutely and madly disallows."

"One beautiful evening in May, I was reading by the light of the setting sun in my favorite Plato. I was seated on the grass, interwoven with golden blooms, immediately on the crystal Colorado of Texas. Dim in the distant west arose, with smoky outlines, massy and irregular, the blue cones of an off-shoot of the Rocky mountains."

"I was pursuing one of the Academician's most stately dreams. It laid fast hold on my fancy, without exciting my faith. I wept to think it could not be true. At length I came to the startling sentence: 'God geometrizes.' 'Vain rhapsody,' I exclaimed, as I cast the volume upon the ground at my feet. It fell by a beautiful little flower, that looked fresh and bright, as if it had just fallen from the bosom of the rainbow. I broke it from its silvery stem, and began to examine its structure. Its stem was five in number, its great calyx had five parts, its delicate coral base had five, parting with rays expanding, like the rays of the Texas star. This combination of five in the same blossom appeared to me very singular. I had never thought on such a subject before. The last sentence I had read in the page of the pupil of Socrates was ringing in my ears: 'God geometrizes.' This was the text written long centuries ago, and here this little flower, in the remote wilderness of the West, furnishes the commentary. There suddenly paused, as it were, before my eyes a faint flash of light. I felt my heart leap in my bosom. The enigma of the universe was open. Swift as thought I calculated the chances against the production of those three equations of five in only one flower, by any principle devoid of reason to perceive number. I found there were one hundred and twenty-five chances against such a supposition. I extended this calculation to two flowers, by squaring the sum last mentioned. The chances amounted to the large sum of fifteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five. I cast my eyes around the forest; the old woods were literally alive with those golden blooms, where countless bees were humming and butterflies sipping honey-dews."

"I will not attempt to describe my feelings. My soul became a tumult of radiant thoughts. I took up my beloved Plato from the grass, where I had tossed him in a fit of despair. Again and again I pressed him to my bosom, with a clasp tender as a mother's around the neck of her sleeping child. I kissed alternately the book and the blossom, bedewing them both with tears of joy. In my wild enthusiasm I called to the little birds on the boughs, trilling their cherry farewells to departing day. 'Sing on, sunny birds; sing on, sweet minstrels. Lo! ye and I have still a God.'"

"The science of Mathematics is deeply interwoven in the machinery of the universe, and enters into the affairs of human life in a thousand forms. I am glad to see Prof. J. D. Runkle, of Cambridge, Mass., is about to publish a monthly of high grade, exclusively for its promotion. Success attend the noble enterprise."

J. H. BRUNER.

Hioassee College, Tenn., July, 1858.

RELIGIOUS.—The Columbus (Ga.) Times, states that four hundred and thirty persons have connected themselves with the Churches of that city, during the present revivals, and that the number is being daily added to. About two hundred and thirty persons have connected themselves with the Methodist Church up to the present writing; ninety-five to the Baptist Church, by baptism, baptism and letter; eighty to the Presbyterian Church; and twenty-five to the Episcopal Church.